

THE LOGICIAN'S LOVE-SONG.

WHEN lovers toast their fancies
And eagerly acclaim
Their KATES and MAUDS and NANCIES,
Sweet BARBARA I name.
Unlike your maid contrary,
Now fiend, now winsome fairy,
Her mood doth never vary—
She always is the same.

Her nature is as flawless
As is the morning star;
She suffers nothing lawless
Her premises to mar.
No follies can engage her;
She never trips—I'll wager
No questionable major
Hath wiles to tempt her far.

Were they whose rival faces
Old Ilion's walls so curst
To match their glorious graces
With hers for whom I thirst,
Upon their merits purely
Might PARIS judge securely,
For BARBARA's figure surely
Must always be the first.

PICCADILLY.

Widening the Wide and Neglecting the Narrow.

The County Council and the First Commissioner of Works propose to relieve the congestion of traffic in Piccadilly, at the extreme western and eastern ends, by cutting down some trees and widening the roadway in the central part of that thoroughfare, where there is never any block at all. This is not a joke, as one might suppose; it is the serious proposal of an official body and an official personage, who take themselves so seriously that they are quite incapable of seeing the absurdity of anything. Taste in planning street improvements cannot be expected from any municipal assembly of common-sense Englishmen. But for such a body there is one word of magic influence, the word "practical." If the County Council and their equally commonsense ally, the First Commissioner, would consider it "practical" to loosen a man's waist-belt because his boots pinched him and his hat was not large enough, then, perhaps, there is something to be said for their amazing scheme.

Probably the Council has its eye on Piccadilly as a future tramway route. The extra width would just accommodate the rails, and the forecourt of Devonshire House would form an ideal terminal yard and starting place for the electric tramcars to Hounslow, to Hampton and to Hanwell. The last, O Councillors, is a restful spot! If ever you succeed in making that tramway, you might try a little trip there.

But if you want to be really "practical," why not endeavour to begin the widening



A WISE PRECAUTION.

Sportsman (to his wife, who is rather a wild shot) "By Jove! Nelly, you NEARLY GOT US AGAIN, THAT TIME! IF YOU ARE NOT MORE CAREFUL, I'LL GO HOME!"
Old Keeper (sotto voce). "It's all right, Squire. Her bag is full of nothing but BLANK 'UNS!"

of Piccadilly at its narrowest part, between Swallow Street and the Circus? It will be very expensive, but it will have to be done some day. In a few years, no doubt, there will be a Twopenny Tube—possibly even a Penny Pipe—under Piccadilly. Then the omnibuses will diminish in number as they have already diminished along Oxford Street. Would it not be practical to leave well alone until then? Why spoil what is, perhaps, the pleasantest thoroughfare of its kind in Europe to carry out a useless scheme which is not practical at all?

And if you want to show still more common-sense, why not apply to Parliament for power to check the ceaseless tearing up of London streets? Instead of widening roads of sufficient width at

present, why not try to keep intact the narrower ones elsewhere?

Meanwhile there are rumours, possibly untrustworthy, that the Council, for the purpose of relieving the congestion of traffic at the narrowest part of Bond Street, is about to buy and set back one side of Portland Place, and so add thirty feet to the width of the roadway. It is also said that the First Commissioner of Works, equally alert in the public interest, proposes to diminish the crush of vehicles in Park Lane and Hamilton Place by cutting down the trees on both sides of the Broad Walk in Kensington Gardens, and making that path, still reserved for pedestrians and perambulators, double its present width.

H. D. B.

LIVES OF GREAT MEN.

NO. III.—THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ADOLPHUS BUFFERTOP, M.P.

(Concluded.)

A GENIAL man was BUFFERTOP :
He never put a side on.

In Parliament he did not drop
The friends he first relied on.

He worked upon a simple plan
Of modest self-effacement.
He did not seem to be a man
For office or for place meant.

He did not shine in brilliant deeds,
But, like a man of sense, he
Became devoted to the needs
Of his Constituency.

He knew his borough through and through :
He was amongst the rare men
Who knew the Aldermen, and knew
His Presidents and Chairmen.

And so this vale of tears became
To him a Vale of Tempé,
A place of joy that loved the name
Of " BUFFERTOP, our M.P."

His understanding, I confess,
Was what the world calls tacit.
But, though his talk was valueless,
His smile was quite an asset.

With smiles the man was seen to glow
When other men looked sadly,
Whenever things appeared to go
Immoderately badly.

Whate'er he felt when most depressed
By gloominess, he hid it.
He always tried to smile his best,
And generally did it.

Such men are always loved in Parliament ;
Their merits far outshine the fitful gleams
Of the uneasy spirits who arise
Time after time to catch the Speaker's eye,
And rail at Governments, and hurl their shafts
Of satire full in an opponent's face,
Saying, " What men are these who thus conspire
Against the safety of our well-loved land ;
These indolent and miserable men,
Lapped in the ease of great emoluments,
Who see the country totter to its fall,
And never raise a hand to draw it back ;
Nay, rather, with a treacherous intent,
Impel it to destruction ; wretched slaves
Who proudly clank their fetters, and prepare
Chains for the limbs of freedom-loving men ? "
And some men cheer, and others, in despair,
Cry, " 'Vide, 'vide, 'vide ! ' or rise and shake their fists,
Implying that the frothy orator
Is no whit better than the men he scorns.
And some there are, keen fighters high in place,
Who, having to expound a policy,
Are not contented to explain at ease
Their scheme, but turn upon the other side,
And taunt it, crying, " Lo ! these men, who now
Oppose my policy, were once themselves
Keen workers for the end I have in view.
They failed, and now maliciously they strive
Against MY POLICY—I should say ours,

For it is our united policy.

And we are those that flinch not, but pursue
Our nobler purpose with an energy
Higher than theirs, and with a pure design,
Which, by its contrast, makes their paltry schemes
Muddy and foul ; the true-souled patriot
Is here upon these benches ; he who speaks
Knows what he speaks of." Then, with dauntless mien,
Raking the *Hansard* dust-heaps, they contrive
To prove the Opposition but a mass
Of suicidal inconsistencies ;
And, on the other hand, themselves appear
Firm and unwavering, patriotic, true,
Devoted to their King and fatherland.

But BUFFERTOP held on his way :

He was born for the humdrum and stock work ;
He came to the House every day,
And applauded and voted by clock-work.

The record of voting he burst :

When the lists had been faithfully reckoned,
It was found that ADOLPHUS was first,
With a very inferior second.

The knowledge and talents that were

The pride of his friends in the City,
He joyfully brought them to bear
On the business that 's done in Committee.

And at length, as the years went along,
Men said, when they met and discussed him,
" We don't say he 's brilliant or strong,
But he 's safe, and we like him and trust him.

" He is never sarcastic or coarse,
And he never attempts to be funny ;
But he works every day like a horse,
And, in fact, he 's the man for our money."

Every detail or ruling he knew,
No man was so clearly a dab in it.
Till at last—which was felt as his due—
He was given a seat in the Cabinet.

And then in quick succession he became—
He, who was once the wool trade's ornament—

War-Minister, Colonial Minister,
And lastly Chancellor of the Exchequer
And leader of the House ; and men declared
No man had ever led it with a hand
So firm and yet so pleasantly applied.
And some wrote letters to the newspapers
And said, " We knew this man in early life,
And even as a lad he showed the signs
Of greatness, and his brow was born to bear
The wreath reserved for those who guard the State."
Such then was BUFFERTOP, nay is, for still,
As all men know, he lives and works and smiles.
And some day, when his toil is done, the KING
Will make him peer, and send him to the Lords.

R. C. L.

FACT AND FICTION.—On seeing the drama of *Sherlock Holmes* at the Lyceum, it may have occurred to others besides Mr. Punch's official dramatic critic, that the detention of the heroine by that unscrupulous pair of villains, husband and wife, or so representing themselves, was to the last degree improbable. The situation, however, is justified by the statement made by Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS, prosecuting in "The Extraordinary Charge of Conspiracy" case, now sub judice, and therefore not to be commented upon, at Marylebone Police Court.



WITH THEIR BACK TO THE LAND.

"YES, IT IS SAD TO SEE THE TIDE OF RUIN CREEPING OVER SO MUCH OF ENGLISH LAND, AND THE PEOPLE TURNING THEIR BACKS ON THE VILLAGES WHERE THEIR FOREFATHERS HAVE DWELT FOR GENERATIONS."—Mr. Rider Haggard on the Land Question.

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DOMESTIC ECONOMIES.

The Kitchen Garden.

By making the lawn a *sine qua non* of our establishment we saved ourselves no end of trouble, as GWENDOLEN pointed out; for nine hundred and ninety-nine cottages in every thousand were weeded out, as it were, and the only difficulty was to find the thousandth. We pedalled many weary miles through many weary counties, and I was beginning to despair of ever succeeding in the quest of our ideal, when one sweet evening, after a long and fruitless day in the saddle, GWENDOLEN suddenly sprang off her bicycle and stood for a moment motionless, peering through a hole in an oak paling.

"*Eureka!*" she cried. "Come and look at this, JACK! Red tiles, gables, lawn and everything!"

"Charming!" I cried, craning over GWEN's shoulder.

"I must live there."

"Darling, it's occupied."

"But perhaps it's to let. Ride on to the gate—there might be a board up. JACK, there is!"

"*Beware of the dog!*" I suggested as its probable legend. "By Jove! it isn't though. *To Let. Enquire Within.*"

GWENDOLEN fell off her bicycle in her excitement, and in another moment was hurrying up the drive.

"It's rather large," I suggested.

"It's perfectly heavenly," said GWENDOLEN.

"It'll be more than five pounds a year."

"It would be cheap at any price."

A comely old housekeeper showed us over the bungalow, whose long French windows opened on to the very lawn. At every step GWENDOLEN became more enchanted.

"Oh, JACK," she cried, "what a sweet little study! Couldn't you write soully things in here!" And I, looking round on the well-filled shelves that ran right up to the ceiling, felt that indeed I could.

"There's simply everything one could want," said GWENDOLEN, when we had completed our tour of the premises.

"Everything," I agreed. "It's a pity the rent is so stiff. A hundred and—"

"But look what we get for it! Compare this house—"

"Yes, I know. But still—"

"The price includes everything. And think of the garden! Asparagus and peaches for nothing! JACK, it would be madness to throw away the chance!"

* * * *

We are economising. Out of deference to my feelings, GWENDOLEN has consented, nothing loth, to forego the cycling skirt and sailor hat with which she threatened me; and the dainty muslins which she wears instead keep so clean in the country that they do not st so very much more



Mrs. Binks (who has lost control of her machine). "OH, OH, HARRY! PLEASE GET INTO A BANK SOON. I MUST HAVE SOMETHING SOFT TO FALL ON!"

than the silk dress she had to wear in town. We have no greengrocer, except on occasions; for all my wife has to do when we want vegetables is to tell the head-gardener. We found it much cheaper in the end to get two men to assist the boy we had originally thought of, for when I tried to grow asparagus I planted it upside down; moreover, I got such rheumatism from working in the wet that GWENDOLEN, after a talk with the doctor, insisted on my giving it up. And besides, as she pointed out, if I spent all my energy on manual labour, how could I write those epoch-making works for which the world was waiting? Our

friends are delighted to visit us in summer; and when we find the long winter evenings are beginning to drag, we either pack up our traps for a month in the Riviera, or run up to the Carlton and do a week of theatres. GWENDOLEN is persuading all her friends to return to a natural life.

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.—It is said that the L. C. C. propose to supply their employés with boots at fixed rates, after the method in vogue at Scotland Yard. Of course, the denizens of Spring Gardens will then be known as the London County Cobblers.

OF THE MAKING OF LEADERS.

HOW IT STRIKES A CONTEMPORARY.

Now let the nameless sister of the Muses
(Tenth of her kind) who represents the Press,
That system which informs us what the news is,
Or makes a shrewd anticipative guess
Of what it will be, lest a man should use his
Own common-sense too much (though I confess
I like to learn the movements of the Boer, and
Also the Derby winner's name, beforehand)—

Now let the Muse to whom I just alluded
Sing very loud the leader-writer's praise,
On whose notorious arts I've often brooded
With a profound and envious amaze;
(Reader, I never understood—if you did—
His trick of ready nerve and facile phrase,
Nor how he writes with such admired persistence,
Nor even what's his reason for existence).

The name of leader strictly should imply
A sort of object which contrives to lead,
Yet the reports that meet the common eye
Are such as any fool who runs may read,
Grasping the truth and letting go the lie,
Without a paraphraser's flowing screed;
You don't get any wiser through a *résumé*,
Although the scribe by implication says you may.

A certain Mr. WORDSWORTH (if I'm right),
Snatching an interval from metric prose,
Describes, as seen by early morning light,
The view from Westminster (Lord only knows
Where he had been and spent the previous night),
And notes the way in which the river flows,
And tells us how it gives him quite a thrill
To feel the heart of London lying still.

I hold that this remark, however witty,
Is not in keeping with the actual case;
For if there is a period when the City
"Lies" less than usual in the public's face,
'Tis when the homing Pressman (I submit he
Prefers the dark because his deeds are base)
Has cracked at coffee-stalls his stirrup-cup,
And Evening Journalists are not yet up.

There is a pause in the affairs of men,
Prior and just posterior to the dawn,
When even those Great Powers that wield the pen
Are from mendacity a while withdrawn;
The early cock-bird calls his drowsy hen,
The earlier worm parades the dewy lawn;
But otherwise on each recumbent snorer
Sits what is known as "Nature's sweet restorer."

There are a few exceptions, by the way,
That emphasise the rule which I have stated;
The slim Field-Cornet, who has lied all day,
Lies on in darkness; having first located
Some unsuspecting Yeomen, he will say,
"Courage! our foes have just capitulated
To Europe's fleet: at present Temple Bar
Is occupied by LOUBET and the Czar!"

That person surely spoke without conviction
Who impudently taught the vulgar view
That facts are even stranger stuff than fiction;
I never met a Correspondent who
Would willingly incur the grave restriction
Of only saying what he knows is true;

If facts should happen, they're prepared to tell 'em;
If not, they draw upon their cerebellum.

I have diverged from my initial attitude,
But if you marked the measure I have used—
Lord B.'s (how irresponsibly he chatted!)—you'd
Count my digressions easily excused.
I now return to that pure well of platitude,
The leader-writer, whom I have perused
So rarely that my judgment cannot savour
Of prejudices rooted in his favour.

I ask, as one who never yet has heard,
How is it done? what supernatural fires
Kindle his brain to stamp the final word
On matters piping-hot from off the wires,
Things which an hour ago had not occurred?
No answer comes, no outer tale transpires;
And I must fall, for want of information,
Heavily back on my imagination.

Picture him, then, by night, his collar loose,
His haunt by printer's devils close invested,
Swiftly exuding pancreatic juice
To make the facts more readily digested,
His cursive comments, almost too profuse,
Checked by a towel dripping round his pressed head;
And there you have (I'm told by those who read 'em)
The very fundamant of British Freedom!

O.S.

AS CLEAR AS CRYSTAL.

QUIETLY, in an unpretentious but entirely pleasing manner, the great Exhibition of 1851 has been celebrated at Sydenham. Just half a century ago last May the Crystal Palace was opened amidst great rejoicing in Hyde Park. The opening was to usher in the millennium. As a matter of fact it didn't, but served as an overture to one of the most ill-starred European wars of the century. Then, after serving its proper purpose as a huge international bazaar in the rear of Knightsbridge barracks, it was moved into Sydenham. Since then it has seen good and evil fortune. Thanks to the present excellent management, the good fortune remains and the bad days are half-forgotten memories—save, perhaps, by the earlier shareholders—of the past.

The good fortune is well deserved. What can be more interesting than the Courts, from the house in Pompeii to the splendid Alhambra? Why, they contain a liberal education in themselves. Then the series of exhibitions. All well selected and instructive. And the concerts! Why, Mr. MANNS made the C. P. the headquarters of British music. And the bands, and the organ-playing. And the picture gallery. And last, not least, the catering. All good. Then the local clubs housed in the Palace. Again good. And the grounds and the fireworks. Then in the summer cricket, in the winter football. Never was there such a place so suggestive of delightful recollections. And during the past year even the figures—once so disappointing—have been cheerfully satisfactory. C. P., go on and prosper! Is there any question? No. Stay! Is it absolutely necessary to have all the year round a *café chantant*? Such an institution—no doubt excellent in its way when judiciously conducted—seems just a little out of place with such dignified surroundings.

"WRIT IN ERROR."—In Monday's issue of the *Daily Telegraph*, last week, an odd slip of the printer's appeared in the advertisement of Mr. and Mrs. FRED TERRY's Company, then at the Kennington Theatre, playing *Sweet Nell of Old Drury*, which was announced as "*Swell Nell of Old Drury*." What a capital title for a burlesque!



Nervous Tourist. "STOP, DRIVER, STOP! THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG! I AM SURE A WHEEL'S COMING OFF!"
Driver. "ARRAH, BE AISY THEN, YER HONOUR. SURE, IT'S THE SAME ONE'S BEEN COMIN' OFF THIN THESE THREE DAYS BACK!"

THE CASTAWAY.

(After the late R—— B——.)

GOODBYE! You will make this curt farewell
 A rack for my soul and a tenter-hook
 For my life-warm limbs! Well, the truth to tell,
 I have read this page in the Future's book.
 In the soft caress of your coal-black hair;
 Yes, I stroked it tenderly, grant me that,
 Lovingly,—watching the sunlight throw
 Its jewels, and wondering why the dark shade
 Of this parting thought ne'er obscured the glow.
 "The time must come!" to myself I said,
 In all our union the thought was there,
 As the world is a ball I knew it pat.
 A hundred times as you kissed my brow,
 Wrung or serene with as many moods,
 In as many places, where you, I trow,
 Shone out the best of my chattels and goods,—
 Full five score times,—did the doleful thought
 Strike on my heart as the awkward oar
 Of an unskilled sculler on Thamis' breast.
 The thought: that you're only a fair-weather friend,
 Not for the atmosphere storm-posset
 Lashing of hail, drip, drip without end,
 But you for the set-fair seasons—in short,
 A fair-weather friend, as I said before.
 Only a fortnight ago to-day
 JONESULET bade me in grotesque tone
 Throw you aside. But that's just his way,
 To pluck out the rose when the perfume's gone.

By the blessed calendar there on the wall
 Nearly a year has slipped into the void
 Sith jackanapes BRUN impatiently pursed
 His lips in entreating that I'd forswear
 Your kisses. In answer I merely cursed,
 And, showing the rascal that I could dare,
 Through the fashionable throng, before them all,
 I wore you. And weren't the fools annoyed!

But that was last year. Now? Devil a word
 Can aptly express what a change is here,
 And many's the rascal has said, I've heard
 —New as you were—that I bought you dear.
 Oh, I know I'm a man of the world, while you
 Are nothing now, lifeless, not-wanted, cold:
 But still you've a part in the world to play—
 A doubtful ornament! Still you'll deck
 The coarse, dank hair of some scamp whose way
 Is for tawdry grandeur. Poor colourless wreck!
 And never again shall we meet, we two,
 I who am young and you who are old.

Countless the sum in this world of ours
 Of such as you are. And as like as peas,
 Or, better, as weeds that affront the flowers
 In our civilised garden of sloth and ease.
 Keep in the town. In the country not one
 You'll find for your favours, depend on that.
 You in the country! The notion is cruel.
 'Mid natures cast roughly in earth's simple mould,
 A mark you would serve for their newly-chopped fuel
 Or crimson-veined wurzel hilariously bowled.
 Such is the world! Yes, your reign is done,
 Shabby, old, moth-eaten, worn top-hat!

SOMETHING LIKE A CURE.

(Notes from the blank pages of Mr. Briefless Junior's Fee Book.)

First Impression of Evian.—Absolutely French. No English need apply. Commissionnaire of "One of the Best" hotels does not speak English. However, he has the accomplishment—somewhat difficult of acquirement, I should think—of understanding my French. Sometimes. Determine to patronise "One of the Best." Fine situation, overlooking the lake, and on clear days Ouchy to be seen. When Ouchy is visible look out for squalls. Sunshine deceptive. Rain to follow. Rain in autumn standing dish. Seldom "off." No English, but plenty of hammering. Discover later that chronic hammering is caused by continuous bottling of waters of the Source. For exportation.

England at a Discount.—Through the kind offices of my excellent doctor (Swiss) I am introduced to a French gentleman. Charming fellow. Very cheerful. He is not exactly in the army—so far as I can gather—but when out of uniform wears a uniform. Some Governmental appointment, requiring for the proper performance of the functions attaching thereto a sword, cocked hat and epaulets. On Sundays and holidays, probably (in addition) spurs. He is quite proud of not understanding English. He is equally proud of never having been in England. What does he want with London, Leicester Square, Vauxhall Bridge Road and Margate? Has he not France? Is he not a Frenchman? What would I have more? I reply in my French—as spoken in Paris—*tray bong*.

How I am to be Cured.—I am to rise at six. Then to the Source, where I am to drink three glasses of water. A quarter of an hour's walk between each. For the rest, a simple diet and more glasses of water when (like Mrs. Gamp) "I am so dispoed." It appears that the pure air and the perfect peace will do the rest. Evian water in the town everywhere. You find it in your matutinal tub. It forms the basis of splendid soup. It is extremely pleasant in your tea.

At the Source.—Water drinkers walking. Continuous stream at drinking fountain. Table containing fancy glasses suggestive of "Present from the Crystal Palace," mugs "For a Good Boy, from St. Leonards," and the like. Presiding goddess preparing tumblers enquires courteously if I am a subscriber. She speaks in French. I answer in French—as spoken in Paris—*Wee, Madam.* Am presented with a glass of water. Drink it. Cold, pleasant, excellent. Take my first quarter of an hour's walk. Stroll leisurely over half of Evian and back. Five minutes to spare. Second glass of water. Take my second quarter of an hour's walk. Stroll leisurely over the other half of Evian and back. Five minutes to spare. Third glass of water. Look at French paper. News about England a twentieth of a column. Takes a minute and a half to read. Rest of the last quarter of an hour consumed in getting back to "One of the Best." Uphill.

Distractions.—It is the end of the season, so the Casino is "slowing down." Placards of past glories tell of theatrical performances in which MOUNET-SULLY, COQUELIN and REJANE have taken part. Grand orchestra still going strong—especially in the brass. *Chemin de fer*—attracting (between the first and second parts of the afternoon band programme) a number of one-franc to five-franc speculators. Try my system. Result: loss in five minutes, sixteen francs. Stupid game, *Chemin de fer*. Think—in French—speedy condemnation. Put more briefly, naughty swear word. Further distraction—Little horses. Back two, then six, then four, then seven, then eight. Result: loss of twenty francs. Say, in English, naughty swear word. Attracts no attention. Giddy throng of foreigners do not understand a single word of English. No, not widest-known word in the language! Stupid game, Little horses. And this is not following doctor's orders. Prescription for cure—plenty of water and perfect peace. Losing thirty-six francs in ten minutes may be getting into hot water, but certainly not perfect peace. Naughty swear word!

A Festival.—In spite of the fast approaching end of the season, Evian very gay with a visit of travelling doctors. So far as I can make out, medical men from all parts of the world—minus the British Empire—are "doing" the Sources of Lac Leman. They are personally conducted by a gentleman in a suit of tweeds and a red ribbon button-hole. They hold a conference aent the Source of Evian. Perfect stranger teaches the local doctors the advantages of the *eau minérale* of the neighbourhood. Local doctors no doubt much obliged for the startling information. If time had permitted probably lecture on egg-sucking (addressed to grandparents) would have followed. But social side uppermost. Much music and a banquet. Last function, final junketing of the personally-conducted medicos. An Evian-cured guest threat said to have subsequently undone all the good of his course by partaking of too many *entrées*. Much speech-making. Abrupt conclusion. Watches of the night later on disturbed by doctors (and their belongings) missing boats and trains. Naughty swear words in many languages.

Perfect Peace.—No letters, no papers. Hourly application to Concierge fruitless. The world seems to be standing still. Reminded of the Strand and Fleet Street by finding an old copy of somebody's *Press Guide*. Probably left by some agent travelling in journals. "One of the Best" does not take in regularly any English paper. Explanation—no English to read them. Apparently never heard of the *Thunderer* of Printing House Square, or the *Young Lions* of Peterborough Court, or the *Chronicles* of the corner of Wellington Street! What ignorance! The schoolmaster evidently not abroad. At least not at Evian.

Pleasing Joke.—Waggish friend writes to me saying that I must be staying in an Evian place. Quite so.

LEAVES FROM AN AERONAUT'S DIARY.

April 1.—Flying machine just completed. A triumph of ingenious construction. All my own invention. Material, aluminium. Motor power, benzine. Success assured. Have worked out the whole scheme on paper and find machine is simply bound to fly. Only waiting for a calm day to demonstrate the fact to a sceptical public. These March winds very troublesome. Not fair to the machine to make its first trial under unfavourable conditions. Shall make my ascent at noon to-day, weather permitting. Have announced the fact in all the daily papers.

Now.—Lovely day for the ascent. Large crowd assembled in Exhibition grounds, from which, by permission of the proprietors, ascent to be made. Everybody keen and expectant. Remain outwardly calm, but feel a curious sensation in pit of stomach. Not fear, of course. On the contrary, confident I shall succeed. A few friends gather round to wish me luck. Shake hands with them, and step on board. A cheer is raised. I give the word to let go. They let go.

Nothing happens! A slight hitch, I explain to bystanders. Can be put right in a moment. Only needs the turn of a screw and I shall soar gracefully like a bird. Interval of expectation. Machine still declines to rise. Seems as if I was too heavy for it. Must go into the question of proportion of weights to horse-power again. Explain this to bystanders. Ascent will take place to-morrow without fail. Crowd melts away discouraged. Machine towed back to shed.

April 7.—Unexpected difficulties have delayed second experiment. Turned out that motor had not sufficient power, and rudder was too heavy. Have remedied both defects. Shall certainly soar at midday to-day. Spectators not so numerous as on last occasion, but interest still cordial. Weather unhappily threatening. Towards noon wind rises. Postponement again unavoidable. Most disappointing. Must wait for next fine day.

April 12.—Fine days not so common in this country. Four have passed and conditions still unfavourable. To-day more promising. Machine in first-rate trim. Have been able to

make sundry minor improvements in it during enforced delay. Once more respectful crowd gathers, fit but undeniably few. Public temporarily losing faith in my machine. As a friend of mine explained, a flying machine which not only doesn't fly, but doesn't even kill its inventor, rapidly ceases to be an object of popular curiosity. At the time I pretended to smile at this, but looking back upon it consider the pleasantries in doubtful taste. Twelve o'clock strikes. I start in half-an-hour.

12.30.—Once more I take my stand proudly on the deck of my machine. Reporters grouped round me in dense phalanx watching proceedings and avid for copy. Once more I give the signal. The anchor is loosed, the screw begins to revolve. We are certainly rising. I lay my hand on the tiller, prepared to steer proudly as soon as we have risen above the heads of the people. Process of soaring somewhat slow. Would like to increase number of vibrations of screw, but hesitate to leave the rudder. However, we are certainly flying, though flying somewhat low. Crowd raises a cheer. Most exhilarating. Not much steerable way yet. Narrowly miss a tree. Wall straight in front. Shall we clear it? Afraid not. Decide to put about instead and skim gently back to starting point.

Problem arises, how to get down. Never thought of this before. All very well to say "let her down gently"; not so easy. Might misjudge velocity and smash delicate mechanism. On other hand, might underestimate speed of descent and never get down at all. Decide to proceed cautiously. Slacken speed. Fall like a stone in a moment, right in the middle of representatives of the Press. All jumped clear however. Most unfortunate. Might have landed on some of them and broken the fall. As it is machine a total wreck and self badly shaken. Ominous murmurs among reporters, who seem to think I did it on purpose. Offer my apologies. Accepted ungraciously. Promise to undertake further ascent as soon as machine can be repaired or new one made ready.

April 30.—New machine built at last. Old one proved past mending. Sold for scrap-iron, or rather scrap-aluminium. Gathering of spectators considerably larger, encouraged presumably by prospect of seeing me break my neck. Reporters have selected somewhat distant part of field for watching progress. Have decided to modify conditions of the start. New machine built like a ship, decked all over, and will start from the surface of convenient pond. This makes ascent equally easy and guards against worst consequences of descent. At midday am rowed on board in small boat. Make short speech from deck of machine, pointing out that conquest of air is at length complete. I have only to turn lever and machine will



Vicar's Daughter. "OH, MR. GULFING, I'VE CALLED THIS MORNING TO TELL YOU THAT FOR THE PARISH CHARITIES WE OPEN OUR MOST INTERESTING SHOW OF LOCAL ANTIQUITIES AND CURIOSITIES, AND MAY I HOPE THAT YOU WILL KINDLY GIVE IT YOUR COUNTENANCE?"

rise like the admired albatross. Proudest moment of my life! Turn lever. Screw revolves. We don't seem to rise. On the contrary, we are actually sinking. We have sunk! Am rescued, half drowned, by man with boat-hook. Sensation most disagreeable. Machine remains at bottom of pond. Long may it do so. Shall give up flying and take to croquet. ST. J. H.

At the Gimcrack Restaurant.

Customer (to Waiter). Why am I charged two shillings for devilled kidneys?

Waiter. On account, Sir, of the strike at Grimsby.

Customer. What on earth have kidneys to do with Grimsby?

Waiter. I beg pardon, Sir, I mistook you for the gentleman as ordered cod's-roe on toast.

[Error rectified.]

TO CHLOE.

LAST week the common circumstance Of meeting drew from you a glance, From me a stately bow. Your mien was dignified and grand, I touched your languid, high-held hand, 'Twas all you would allow.

Alas! since then stern Fate has dealt A wanton stroke; we each have felt A cruel and heartless blow. The self-same hand our joy has killed, Our brow has wrung, our breast has filled With deep and dreadful woe.

This week, by mutual sorrow torn, Each feels towards the other drawn By misery's mystic charm. Pity, they say, to Love's akin — Then what a world of Love lies in A vaccinated arm!



First Farmer. "YOU OUGHT TO ALLOW I SUMMAT OFF THE PRICE O' THAT 'ORSE YOU SOLD I LAS' WEEK. WHY 'E'VE BIN AN' TOOK AN' DIED!"

Second Farmer. "WELL, THAT'S FUNNY, NOW; 'E NEVER CUT ANY O' THEM CAPERS WHEN I 'AD 'IM!"

VICTORIA MARY—PRINCESS OF THE SEAS.

[On crossing the line H.R.H. the Duchess of CORNWALL and YORK was admitted a daughter of Neptune and accepted the letters patent of Grand Dame and Liege Lady of the Order belonging to the Men of the Sea.]

DAUGHTER of Sea Kings!—your line running down to them,
Gallant and sturdy, the Vikings of old;
Foemen who fought with us, adding a crown to them,
Launching their galleys for glory and gold:—

Wife of a Sailor!—a man who is one of us,
Made by the Navy, its smooth and its rough,
Pleasures and labours:—be sure there are none of us
Wish he were made of a daintier stuff!—

Mother of Princes!—and we have a plea for them;
Lend us your children, we'll give them back men!
Born to the blue, there's no trade but the sea for them,
Wonders and wisdom 'twill bring to their ken:—

Princess of Britons! we heard how they bore for you,
Gifts that were royal and gauds that were rare;
We have no jewels, no riches in store for you,
Only of homage we proffer our share.

Queens of your race, in the tale of its history,
Marshalled their armies and mustered their ships,
None of them learned of the sea and its mystery,
Son of the yes and not heard from the lips.

Came there the call of our kindred, the brotherhood
Dwelling afar, but in loyalty near;—

"We would be one, O our Queen, in thy motherhood,
Send us thy dearest, we hold them as dear!"

Then by the way of the wonderful waters,
Won by our fathers who fought on the foam,
Fared you to hearten our sons and our daughters,
Folk who are fain at the thought of their home.

So, as you saw, in the days of your wandering,
Nations of landsmen as loyal as free,
Haply there rose, in the time of your pondering,
Thoughts of the sailors whose home is the sea.

Royalty spared you no whit of our dreariness,
Wanting the touch of our little ones' hand;
Daytime and darkness of watching and weariness,
Waiting for wives who are waiting on land.

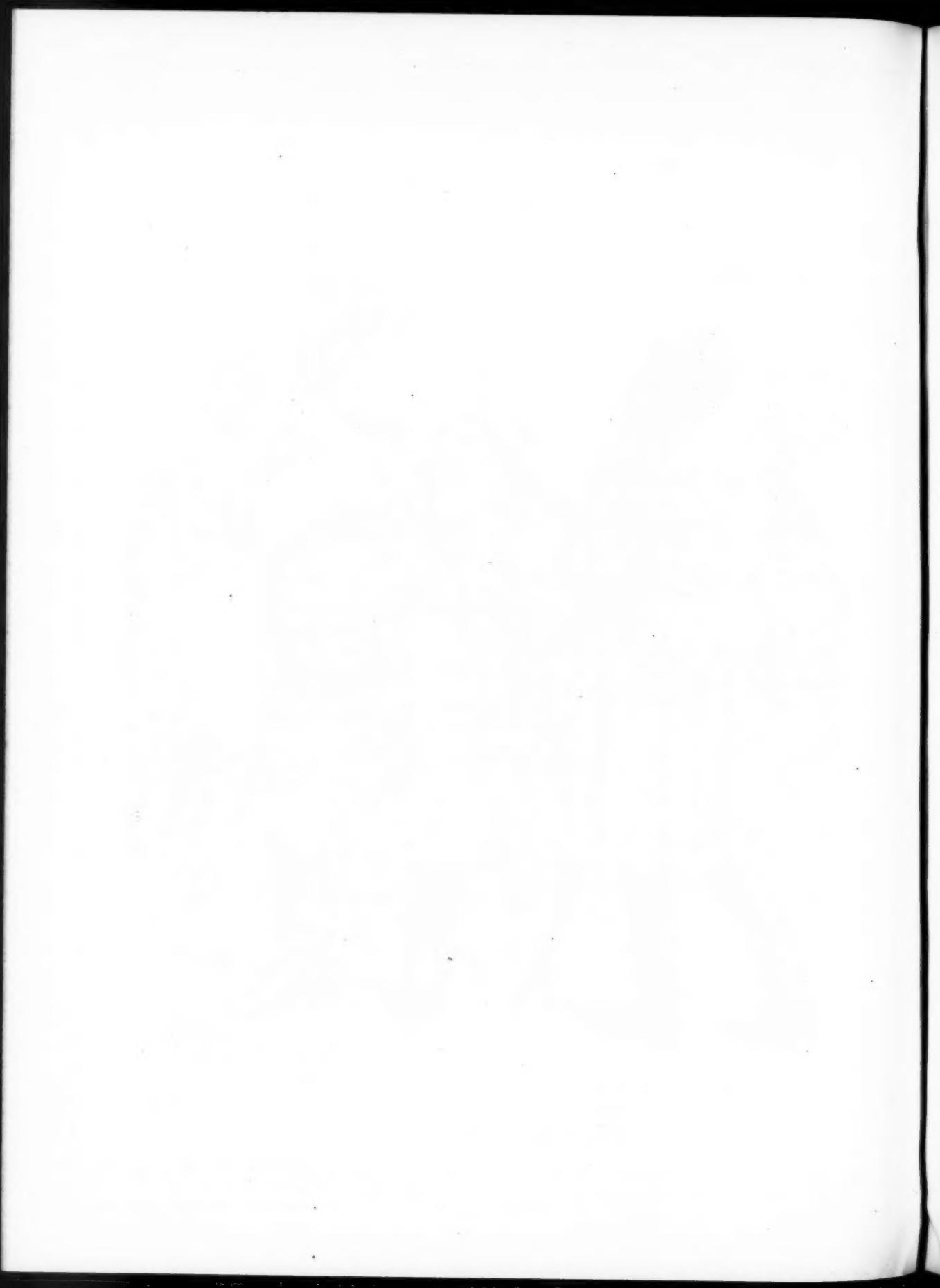
Aye, and we knew it, and so did you win of us
Titles confirmed by a royal decree,
Neptune himself he has hailed you as kin of us,—
"Princess and Lady of Men of the Sea!"

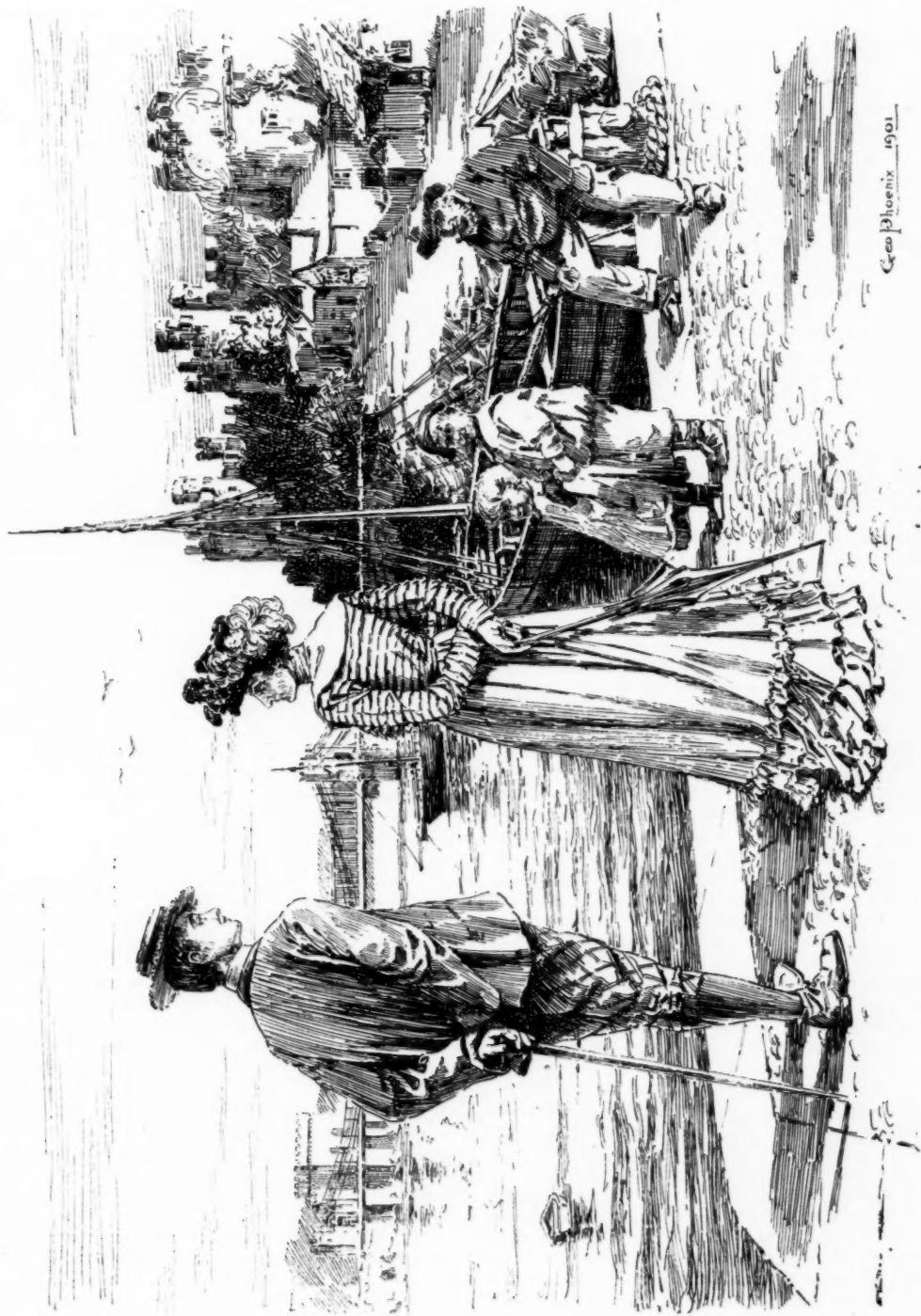
Take then, O Princess, the tribute we bring to you,
Simple and homely, as simple our part;
Hear then, O Lady, the song that we sing to you,
Songs must ring true when they rise from the heart!



MUTUAL ADVANTAGE.

JOHN BULL (*to the new Ameer, Habibullah*). "YOUR FATHER AND I WERE VERY GOOD FRIENDS, MY BOY, AND IF YOU WANT THE BEST ADVICE, YOU WILL KNOW WHERE TO COME FOR IT."



**AMERICANS ABROAD.—CONWAY.**

Fair American, "AND A NOBLE FILE IT IS! PITY THEY FIXED IT SO NEAR THE RAILROAD THOUGH!"

GARB AND GARBAGE.

[“At Ems the authorities have put up a notice that no long skirts are to be admitted within the precincts of the gardens.”—*Daily Paper*.]

O FEMININE gowns,
That often the frowns
Of the strait-laced evoked in a period still recent,
When censors would say
The *corps de ballet*
Was robed in a style that was barely just decent;
No longer we’re shocked
By ladies short-frocked,
Our censure lies now in another direction—
On those that their hems
Trail in ells about Ems,
And scatter dire germs for their neighbours’ infection.
So bear, if you will,
Flounce, pleating, or frill,
Be Paris or tailor-built, just as you like, robes,
But, whatever you are,
This one thing we bar—
We won’t have your fringes embroidered with microbes.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

RUDYARD KIPLING’S *Kim* (MACMILLAN & Co.) is a strangely fascinating tale of Indian life under British rule justly suspicious of foreign intrigue. The two principal characters in the story are a simple, lovable, and holy “Lama,” and his “chelah” (pupil and companion), a bright, unscrupulous, affectionate, clever boy, who, his parents (one Sergeant Kimball O’Hara and his wife, a nursemaid in a colonel’s family) having both died before he was three years old, was brought up by a half-caste woman, and started by her to seek his fortune where chance might lead him, with, as an outfit, an amulet case hung round his neck containing a parchment with prophetic writing on it, and a birth-certificate by way of passport and for future identification. The third principal character in the tale is the sly, highly-accomplished *Babu*, in the Secret Service Department of the British Government, whose peculiar “English as she is spoke” will forcibly remind not a few readers of “Honble PUNCH’S” Anglo-Indian contributor, who, as it may be remembered, had the rare opportunity of airing his knowledge of the English language and of English Law in a London Court of Justice, as defendant in a celebrated breach of promise action. With his exceptional power of vividly picturesque description, Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING sets so clearly before our eyes the dazzling scenes of life in an Indian city, where the old order is only gradually changing giving place to new, that we see every figure, no matter how unimportant, sharply defined, and the moving throng quivering with animation as in the “living pictures” of the whirring cinematograph. Out of the ever-moving crowd, so wearying to eye and brain, as indeed is every crowd in real life to the quiet spectator, issue four personages whose steps we follow with increasing interest until the end of the romance which still leaves the reader not dissatisfied but unsatisfied, asking, as the inquisitive child does after the very last word of a fairy tale has been uttered, “And what did they do then?” The embossed illustrations by J. L. KIPLING are original in design and peculiarly effective.

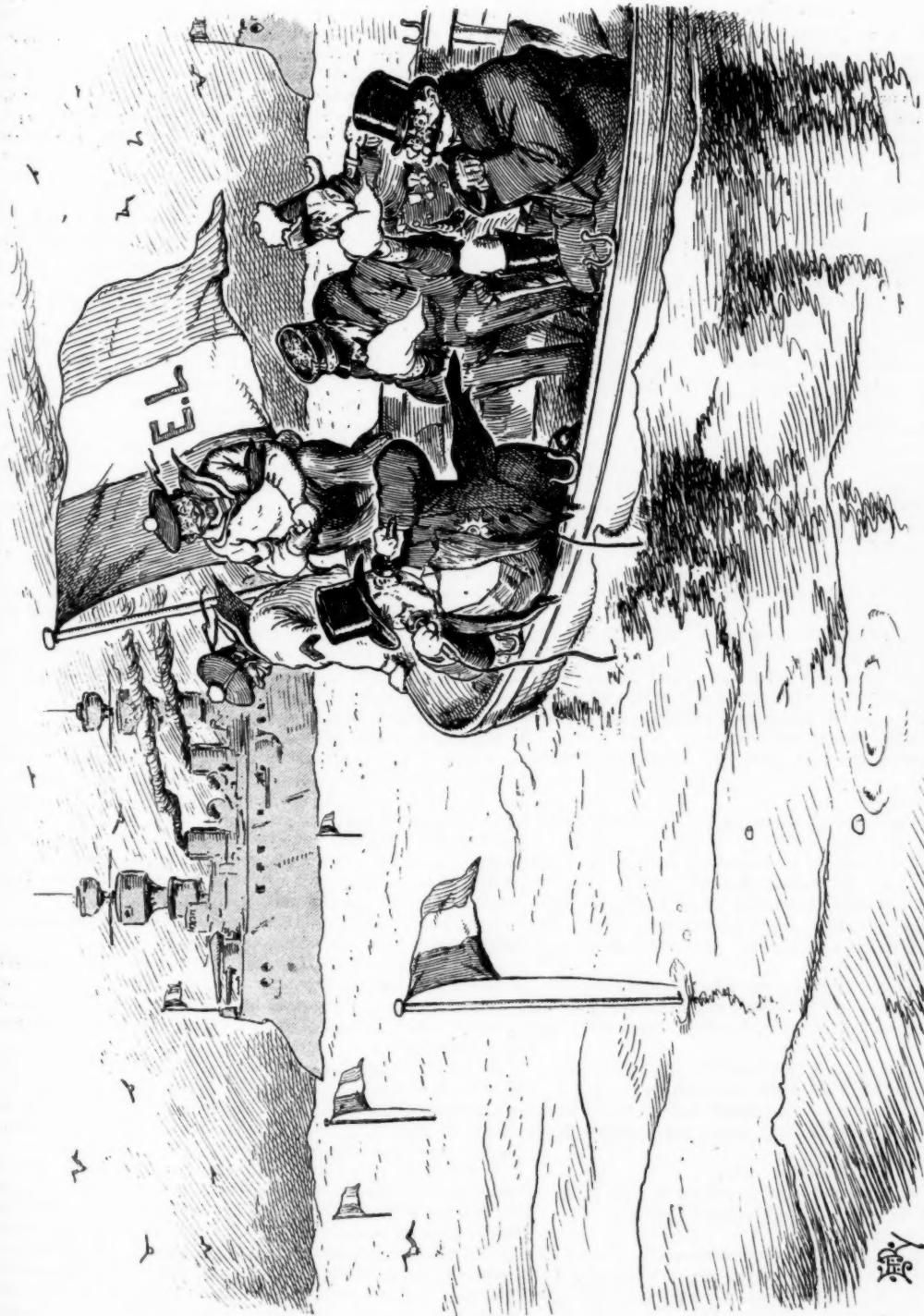
Rickerby’s Folly (METHUEN) is a rollicking, rough-and-tumble story of the kind dear to the heart of the gallery in the old transpontine theatre. Mr. TOM GAILLON has in his wallet a boundless store of devices, expedients and surprises which carry the reader through at breathless pace. Never outside the range of *Rickerby’s Folly* wore such happenings. Murders, personations, abductions, incendiaries, a corpse falling out of a casually-opened cupboard door, and a midnight burial by lantern light—these are some of the delicacies my Baronite can promise to the reader in search of a rattling, racy book.

The fifth volume of the *New English Dictionary* comes from the Oxford University Press. It will appreciably add to its renown, and to that of HENRY FROWDE, whose watchful care and exquisite taste have endowed the nation with this rare workshop. Dr. MURRAY, toiling through the alphabet, has to regret the loss of one esteemed colleague fallen by the way. This is MR. FITZEDWARD HALL, who, dying at the age of seventy-six, was within a few weeks of the end hard at work on the Dictionary, service rendered as a pure labour of love. The new volume completes the first eleven letters of the alphabet, comprising four of them within its mighty tome. They are H, I, J, K. My Baronite notes with interest how the letter H, persistently dropped by some of his fellow-citizens, comes out well ahead in the Dictionary. It prefaces over 16,000 words, as compared with 14,000 I’s, 3,500 K’s and 3,000 J’s. In this new word competition, Dr. JOHNSON wasn’t in it with Dr. MURRAY and his army of collaborateurs. Compared with the above figures, JOHNSON’s dictionary deals with 1,533 words beginning with H, 2,012 with I, 209 with J, and 205 with K. As a rule, a dictionary is not attractive in the ordinary way of reading. Complaint of patchiness has justly been brought against it. The *New English Dictionary*, beautifully printed, is a museum of fascinating out-of-the-way information, supplied through the medium of quotations illustrating the use and meaning of words. The complaint my Baronite makes about the book is that, turning to it for elucidation of a word, he finds the page so fascinating that he goes on reading when he ought to be writing.

MR. ERNEST RADFORD, with his instructive preface to *Boswell’s Life of Johnson*, leads the reader up to where MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, K.C., self-effacing, “introduces” him to the present six-volume edition (ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO.) of that immortal work, fringed afresh with illuminative notes, and illustrated with some eighty well-reproduced portraits of contemporary Johnsonian celebrities. In the course of above-mentioned preface, the aforesaid ERNEST, touching upon the portrait, by Sir JOSHUA, of “GARTANO APOLLINE BALDASSARE VESTRIS, 1729—1808, Le Dieu de la Danse,” writes: “His son AMAND, Ballet-master, King’s Theatre, Haymarket, married BARTOLOZZI’s daughter, who afterwards married CHARLES MATHEWS the elder.” If this were so, who, then, was the “Madame VESTRIS” whom CHARLES MATHEWS the younger, i.e. CHARLES JAMES MATHEWS, married, and with whom he managed the Lyceum Theatre somewhere about 1846, “Consule Plano,” which, being literally translated, means when PLANCHÉ was their consultant, and wrote their Christmas extravaganzas? The Baron has ever been under the impression that Madame VESTRIS was a BARTOLOZZI, and that her second husband was CHARLES JAMES MATHEWS, the CHARLES MATHEWS of *Used Up*, *Patter v. Clatter*, and a hundred other amusing pieces, the youthful friend of Lady BLESSINGTON and Count D’ORSAY in Italy and London. If the Baron be right his CHARLES MATHEWS, husband of Madame VESTRIS, was not the “elder” (Heavens! he, the ever-green, never could have been an “elder,” since, though he lived till nearly eighty, he had not attained to the positive “old”), but the younger. There’s an error somewhere. Whose?

“Our Mr. ANSTEY” has republished in one volume (LONGMANS) his original *Man from Blankley’s*—not the dramatic version—with several “other sketches,” all so delightfully amusing that it is difficult to select any single one as “the pick of the basket.” As a rule the Baron approveth not of illustrations, as forcing upon the reader types that do not seem in accordance with the author’s intention. But this instance is a brilliant exception, all the characters, as humorously realised and perfectly presented by “our Mr. BERNARD PARTRIDGE,” appearing not only just exactly as the author of their being would in real life have had them appear, but also as the appreciative reader would have necessarily imagined them to be. Certes, to author and artist, the Baron tenders his sincere congratulations, as also does he to the public on their having so enjoyable a work within such easy reach.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



UNRECORDED HISTORY.
THE PRESIDENT DELIVERS A STIRRING ADDRESS TO THE FRENCH SUBMARINE FLEET (THROUGH THE TELEPHONE).

M. Loubet. "Underwater Citizens! It is with emotion so poignant, the outcome of a pride and an affection that strangles, that I see your inspiring *triomphes* fly so bravely around me. They indicate with a striking approach to accuracy the approximate position of the brave hearts that beat inside the trusty plating of our submarines; they lead our thoughts down to the invisible future saviours of our beloved country—the terror of those who envy our greatness, our virtues, our success, and, above all, our glorious alliances. My sailors, you are not forgotten,—you shall have a breather presently.—Your answering cheers are not distinguishable from up here, but I can figure to myself their volume, their vibrating intensity.—What? Hallo! Dash it all, DELCASSÉ, they say they want to come up?"

A MUCH INJURED MAN.

CHAPTER III.

I CAST about for a propitious chance of proposing to the heiress. Finally, I decided that no better time could be found than the afternoon of a non-hunting day. And for the place, what could be more suitable than the cosy little drawing-room of the girl's own house?

I hacked over there on my white-faced horse, having had him done over with the paint, and, leaving him to be walked about by a boy, I knocked, and was shown in. Well, thought I to myself, luck is in my way, as the brunette entered the room alone.

"Poor MINNIE has a headache," she began, as we shook hands and then drew seats up to the fire. "So she has sent me to entertain you and make her excuses."

"Miss ACRESBY could not have found a better substitute!" I replied gallantly, and with a certain look in the eye which I fancy always "takes" with women. Women all like it, in me.

"Shall I give you some tea?" she said.

"I want you to give me something more than tea, Miss ACRESBY," I said.

She pretended to look puzzled.

"Muffins?" she asked.

"More even than muffins," I answered, infusing a tremble into my deep, full-toned voice. "I want you to say that this pleasant friendship of ours, my dear Miss ACRESBY—my dear MAUD—let me call you MAUD, may I? I want you to say that this friendship of ours has now ripened into something worse—better, I mean—than friendship alone—that, in fact, we may—nay, must be—more to each other than we have ever been before."

Rather a neat and effective little speech, that. I thought so at the time, and I think so still.

MAUD ACRESBY's eyes fell to the tips of her shoes. They were very pretty ones—the eyes, not the shoes: though, on second thoughts, I remember the shoes were also very pretty; but let that pass. She did not answer a word.

"Am I hoping—asking for—too much?" I went on, impressively.

Still no answer.

"MAUD!" and again I had resort to the tremolo, "I love you! Will you be my wife?"

"MAX!" That was all she said; but the next moment she was in my arms. I had triumphed; her subjugation was complete. The radiant flush of victory was on my cheek; at least, I think it was; and never have I felt more utterly happy than at the moment in which I told myself that MAUD ACRESBY—and her fortune—were mine.

We sat together on the sofa—how I hoped that "MINNIE" would not recover from her headache, and come in! And for the space of at least half-an-hour, I enjoyed something like bliss unalloyed.

Then, her hand still in mine, MAUD said:

"I wonder where we shall settle down to live? Not in a hunting country, dear MAX, do you think so? It would be too maddening to see others hunting, when one couldn't do so oneself."

I patted the little hand encouragingly.

"I should never be so selfish as to object to your hunting, dearest, simply because you were married," I said.

She looked rather puzzled.

"But, MAX, hunting is expensive, and we——"

"Well, money would hardly stand in the way, would it?" I asked, laughingly. DR THORÉ always says my laugh is infectious, and I think he must be about right. Anyhow, my little fiancée laughed merrily, too, and exclaimed:

"I'm so glad to hear you say that, MAX, for I love hunting, and could only have given it up for your sake"—(dear little

girl! By Jove, women can tell a real good fellow when they see one)—"and I thought—I rather feared, dear MAX, that you wouldn't be able to afford me hunters as well as yourself. However, I'm only too glad to hear that you can. What jolly days we shall have together, sha'n't we?" and she clapped her little hands with delight.

"Yes, awfully jolly," I said, in rather feeble tones. I did not quite like the reference to myself as the provider of the hunters. I supposed it was merely her way of putting things.

"Dear MAX," she went on, laying her head against my shoulder and gazing up at me with her dark, star-like eyes, "I must tell you—it was such a shame—people said you were——"

"My darling!" I exclaimed, in outraged tones.

"Don't be angry, MAX. I never believed it. They said you were not in love with anything except yourself and 'the heiress's money.' I felt furious at such vile calumny."

"The scoundrels!" I said, in hot indignation.

"Yes," she resumed; "and now, when they see that it was me, and not the heiress at all that you——my darling, what is the matter? You are ill, you——"

I wiped the cold perspiration away from my forehead.

"No—o," I said, weakly, "but I feel rather—rather cold."

I could almost have wished that MINNIE would recover from her headache and come in. It might have relieved the strain and created a *divertissement*. Now that I come to calmly reflect over the whole of the proceedings, I am distinctly of opinion that MINNIE must have purposely cultivated that headache in order to leave us—MAUD and myself—alone, on that fatal afternoon.

"When will you come to see me again, dear MAX?" she cooed, softly.

"I—er—oh, soon, dear MAUD, very soon," I replied, vaguely, and with a groping movement—for I felt almost blinded with my sudden grief—making for the door.

"I am sure you are not quite well," she said, with anxious solicitude, and just that (to me) terrible *suspicion* of proprietorship in her tone, that engaged men know so well.

I nodded and smiled, in sickly silence.

Feeling that the quiet of my own rooms at "The George" was what I chiefly valued in life at that moment, I rose and said good-bye. MAUD accompanied me to the door—so nice of her, of course, but I was past appreciating the delightful flattery of such an act, just then. The boy met me with my hack—the painted one—and but for the fact that "melancholy had marked me for her own," I might have noticed that it had been raining, and my horse's face was again white. MAUD, ever quick in observation, exclaimed:

"Oh, you've had another horse sent over for you, then? I saw you ride up to the house on——"

"Yes," I broke in, as I hurriedly climbed up into the saddle. "It—it's a beastly day, isn't it. Good-bye." Hero I felt something rise in my gorge, but I persevered and ended the sentence with "dear." Then I rode off home as if the devil had kicked me.

Of course, I saw it all now—now that it was too late. That unmitigated scoundrel, GADSBY, had introduced the companion as the heiress; a shabby, stale, threadbare trick. GADSBY had left Splashington, or I should have—well, I should have written him an abusive, anonymous letter, by Jove, I would!

I sat down and thought out the whole situation until my head ached. What was I to do? Could I apply to some friend to get me out of the difficulty by explaining that there was some mistake somewhere? No, it was not a mistake which would bear explaining. Should I run away? Should I commit sui—? No, certainly not that. Well, then what on earth was the best course to take? I couldn't confess the mistake I had made; I couldn't tell my uncle, or he would cut me off with a shilling. The only way I could see out of the difficulty was the one I decided upon taking, then and there. I seized writing materials and began:



MANŒUVRES.

Lieutenant Nobs (just arrived). "HOW LONG WILL YOU TAKE TO DRIVE ME TO THE FORT, CABBY?"

Cabby. "TEN MINUTES, CAPTING, BY THE SHORT CUT THROUGH THE HALLEYS. BUT THE MILITARY ALLUS GOES THE LONG WAY ROUND, THROUGH THE FASHIONABLE PART O' THE TOWN, YER HONOUR, WHICH TAKES AN HOUR."

[Cabby gets his hour.]

MY DEAR MISS ACRESBY,

I hardly know whether I made myself quite clear to you to-day. When I proposed that you should marry me, what I meant to say was, would you marry me at some future time if—I mean—when—or rather, to make the matter even simpler—in the event of—my succeeding to my uncle's property and Barometry—there are only seven lives between me and the title—and one never knows one's luck, you know; they might all be killed in railway accident, or drowned in a butt—boat, I mean. I hope I make myself clear?

I am sure you will see matters in the same light as I do; and, although I may have asked you to marry me—you will remember that nothing was actually said as to the date. So I think, perhaps, it would be wiser to leave you, for the present, at all events, entirely free—unless you care to remain engaged to me until those seven lives drop in.

With every good wish for your future welfare,

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

M. DE VERE BOUNCY.

P.S.—As I am unexpectedly recalled to town to-morrow, will you kindly make my adieu to your charming cousin, and accept the same for yourself?

P.P.S.—I shall very probably be starting for Equatorial Africa next week.

To this I received no reply for over a fortnight, and was beginning to think I had got out of a terribly awkward situation, with my usual skill and address—for without any conceit, I fancy I know something about the ways of the world—when this letter arrived.

21, Lincoln's Inn Meadows, W.C.

DEAR SIR,

Yoursself & Acresby.

We are instructed to commence an action against you to recover damages (£5,000) for breach of a promise to marry our client, Miss MAUD ELSIE ACRESBY. Kindly send us the name of your solicitor who will accept service of the writ on your behalf, and oblige,

Your obedient servants,

GOTTIM, TIGHT & CO.

I took the letter straight to my Uncle. He called me a consummate ass, and kicked me out of the front door.

He was always so crude.

FOX RUSSELL.

TO LORD CROMER.

(On the announcement of his approaching marriage.)

MY Lord, we all know that with eye of the lynx
You have ever kept watch on the face of the Sphinx,
And the Sphinx, in its own very silent, dim way,
Wishes joy to the Bride who won't take you away
From the land which you've made—that is make the *nihil pay*.

"*Mais il y a toujours un 'mais,'*" says the French proverb, and, as we approach November, don't we Londoners wish that "*il y a toujours un 'Mai'*" were proverbially true à Londres!

SOUTH AFRICAN ANATHEMA.—Botha de Wet! We say so too.

ACTUALITY.

(An Extract from a "probable" new novel.)

[“Probably one of the characteristic features of the new novel will be the relegation of the element of sex love to a subsidiary place. It may be that current fiction has rather exaggerated the importance of the love of a man for a maid. It is open to doubt if, in most lives, love is the be-all and end-all of existence.”—*The Academy*, September 24.]

CHAPTER XXXIX.—A MOMENT FOR MATRIMONY.

AND SO PENDLETON PIGOT was recognised by the whole world as a fully-fledged multi-millionaire. And so young, too, for he was barely forty-one, in spite of the grey flecks amid his well-groomed hair. As he sat in his library, drawing dreamily at a *Floro di Leviathano*, the whole of his busy life passed before him like some wonderful pageant. The errand-boy at the ginger-beer factory, the supernumerary stamp-moistener, the toiling clerk, the commercial traveller, the proprietor of a greengrocery business, and so on through the myriad commercial labyrinths, until the dizzy pinnacle of financial success was reached, and he floated the Empire and Battleship Supply Association, and stood revealed as the triple-Napoleon of commerce. PENDLETON was a typical product of the age—though a high one: a man who had a large grasp of our complex life, and who early set himself to devote to everything within his ken—which was everything—just so much time and mental energy as its importance in the great cosmic scheme justified. For three hundred and sixty-four days in the year he immersed himself in the multifarious problems which crop up in the life of a young man determined to get on. On the three hundred and sixty-fifth PENDLETON allowed himself to be bored by the unmonetary business of domesticity, or, to stretch a somewhat antiquated term, his love affairs. That day was near at hand, and he felt that a little relaxation from the more serious duties of existence would only be consistent with his admirable rule of life.

He stretched out his hand and pressed the electric bell for his secretary.

“By-the-bye, OGLETON,” he said, as the young man entered, “what was the name of that young lady I told you to remember?”

The secretary turned hastily some leaves of his note-book.

“Miss SYLVIA FLINDRIES, Sir.”

“Ah! I fancy I was rather struck by her general deportment.” A pause.

“It was at Monte Carlo, in '97, wasn't it?”

“The memo is dated June in the following year, Sir, at Aix.”

“Oh,” said PENDLETON, calmly. “One meets so many people. I believe I jotted down a few particulars for future reference. Have you them handy?”

The secretary found them and read as follows:—

Miss SYLVIA FLINDRIES. Aix. '98.

Matrimonial Advantages.

Tall, blonde.	Matrimonial Disadvantages.
Well connected.	Invalid mother (loquacious).
Nice voice, features, and figure.	Father overbearing.
Dresses well.	Brother an absolute fool.
Tactful and easy in manner.	Will sing and read novels.
Vivacity.	A dash of sentiment (bad).
Age 26, or thereabouts.	Mode of life and tastes—simple.
	Fond of theatre and society functions.

Note. When thinking of marrying worthy of a trial.

PENDLETON expelled a cloud of smoke cogitatively.

“Just type a note, OGLETON.”

“Are you thinking of marrying, Sir,” enquired he with the privilege of an old employé.

“I had some such idea,” answered PENDLETON, with a half smile of good nature. “If you remember, next Wednesday week is the one day set aside out of the year for such trivialities as infect our modern life. Matrimony is one of them, to which love-making was an insenate preliminary in my boyhood's days, and a great deal of the fiction concocted during that flimsy period of our history was devoted to it. I intend to get married. I have been meaning to do so for some years past, but being occupied by so many important affairs has put the idea out of my head. It's a thing I believe one ought to do, so I want to do it, and have done with such nonsense once and for all. Just drop a nice note to Miss FLINDRIES, enclosing in tabulated form my conception of her advantages and disadvantages, and say I intend to get married on Wednesday week, and would be happy to give her the first refusal of myself.

Ask her to enclose the last six photos she has had taken of herself, as I only vaguely remember what she is like. Say that I consider she could be adapted to my few domestic wants, and if she is desirous of seeing my houses and property I should be most happy to personally conduct her over them, and reply to the best of my ability to any questions she may think it necessary to ask.

“Remind Miss FLINDRIES of all the sources for acquainting herself of my character, and enclose extracts from red books, etc., with a stamped and addressed envelope in case of rejection. State that an early reply will oblige, as in the event of Miss SYLVIA FLINDRIES declining my offer, I have other ladies on my list (though I freely confess none with so few disadvantages) to whom a similar offer will be extended. That is all. I shall leave all the details of the ceremony in your hands. Remind me that I have an appointment to be married on Wednesday week, and post me up in the bride's family history. And now we can return once more to the normal features of our modern civilized life.”

ILLUSTRATED QUOTATIONS.

(One so seldom finds an Artist who realises the poetic conception.)



“OUT, DAMNED SPOT!”—*Macbeth*.